Prompt and Circumstance

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Prompt and Circumstance

by AGlassRoseNeverFades

Summary

A collection of fics based on various open prompts and occasionally some specifically requested of me, when my request box is open.

My request box is closed at this time but I will update here and on social media when it opens again!

Notes

Prompt: "Why did you feel it necessary to bring a gun to your therapy session?"

[TW: gun kink/gunplay, potentially dubcon, gentle dom Will, s2, nsfw]

"Why did you feel it necessary to bring a gun to your therapy session?"

“I told you I learned a truth about myself when I tried to have you killed,” Will responds to this question, almost non-sequitur but certainly not without purpose. Hannibal tilts his head curiously at the reminder. He has not forgotten what truth Will uncovered about himself. *That doing bad things to bad people feels good.*

“Learned a truth about you too now, doctor,” Will continues, the revolver in his hand still dangling casually at his side, pointed at the floor for the moment. “There were little hints. When you stopped me from killing Ingram. When you sent Randall Tier to my house just to see what I would do. And last night, when you fed pieces of Mason Verger to my dogs.”

“What truth would that be, Will?” Instead of answering, Will smiles without teeth and steps closer, until he and the psychiatrist are mere breaths apart, the tips of their shoes touching just as they had done last night. There is a quiet thrumming energy about him that vibrates along Hannibal’s skin.

He brings up the gun, pressing the cold barrel against Hannibal’s temple.” “Kneel, doctor,” he commands, his tone surprisingly gentle, soft and whisper-sweet. Hannibal obeys.

“You told me you no longer intend to kill me, Will,” he points out, gazing up at Will from his position on the floor. “But that in your imagined scenarios, you fantasized about doing it with your hands.”

“‘Fantasize’ wasn’t the word *I* used, Dr. Lecter. It was yours.” The small grin Will bears now is sharp and coy. “You think about it a lot, don’t you? About how *intimate* it would be.” The revolver presses now against Hannibal’s closed lips. “But have you *earned* that intimacy yet?”

Hannibal, whose pulse never rises when he is killing or even when his own life is threatened, feels his heart pump faster like an animal pacing to be loosed from its cage as he parts his lips to allow the barrel inside. The taste is atrocious, oil and iron, but he suckles on it nonetheless and watches as Will’s eyes darken, accommodatingly opening his mouth wider as Will begins to thrust the pistol rhythmically, careful not to scrape the metal against his teeth.

Only when the scent of arousal between them is strong enough to nearly overpower the scent of the metal barrel and residual gunpowder does Will pull the pistol entirely free of his mouth. Hannibal’s gaze flits at eye level to the far more appetizing, notable tent in Will’s trousers, then up to gauge the other man’s verdict. The man considers him for a moment, then slowly nods once.

Hannibal’s already partly abused mouth tilts upward in a proud, pleased smile as he unbuckles Will’s belt and opens the fly of his trousers to claim his reward. His first few licks are testing, tentative, focused merely on overriding the lingering taste of the gun with the flavor of Will’s salted skin and musky sweat. The pistol returns to press against the dip

between his shoulder and neck. He takes this hint to pick up the pace and slackens his jaw to swallow down more of Will's length and suck. The gun digs a little harder into his shoulder as Will's grip on its hilt tightens and his free hand comes up to grab Hannibal's other shoulder.

Will starts to carefully thrust and Hannibal hums approvingly, thoroughly enjoying his cunning boy's selfish use of his mouth and encouraging it. He squeezes his lips tighter and lays his tongue flat against the underside of Will's cock to increase the suction. Will's voice pitches to a cracked, broken moan and he begins to thrust faster, deeper, making choked-off sounds in time with Hannibal's own as Will's cockhead pushes against the back of his throat and triggers his reflexes. Instead of allowing himself to relax and adjust to the intrusion, he intentionally continues to gag so he can hear more of those beautiful, sympathetic cries.

The barrel digs again into his shoulder where it will be sure to leave a lovely bruise and the hand on his other shoulder squeezes harder just before Will comes down his throat, throwing his head back and releasing a long, low groan as Hannibal swallows it all down greedily. Such a delightfully vocal lover. Hannibal longs to take him home and find out what other delicious noises he'll make.

Will stumbles back a few steps, allowing Hannibal to stand as he tucks himself back in, showing a trained marksman's care in keeping the barrel of the gun still in his hand pointed away from himself or his psychiatrist now. He doesn't offer to tend to the bulge in Hannibal's own slacks and Hannibal doesn't expect him to. It is entirely possible that this is to be a one-time interlude, an experiment just to see how much power Hannibal would be willing to cede.

"I didn't kill Freddie Lounds." This confession is uttered quietly into the stillness of the room. Hannibal feels the cold burn of betrayal for an instant, followed by the brightening, wildly growing flicker of hope because *this,* Will choosing to tell him now, is significant. The gun remains pointed downward and loosely held in Will's hand, giving not so much as a twitch to indicate he intends to raise it again in self-defense should Hannibal react poorly to this news.

"I didn't kill Abigail Hobbs," he confesses in kind, and watches the myriad, swirling emotions that rapidly steal over his beloved's features with a rapt gaze. "To use your words, I suppose this again makes us 'Even Steven,'" he adds when Will seems at a loss for what to say. The younger man lets out a hoarse laugh.

"Well, fuck me," he says, allowing another astonished giggle to escape as yet another of his illusions about the man before him is permanently shattered.

"I would very much like to."

"Ok, *don't* ruin this moment with more of your terrible puns right now. Or at least give me another minute to come out of the afterglow before you start or I *will* shoot you."

"One shouldn't make idle threats without the willingness or means to carry them out. Or at least don't make them when the gun is not even loaded, Will."

Will points to the damaged chair Mason stabbed with his little silver knife and squeezes the trigger. The sound is explosive, violent and ringing in the harsh quiet that follows. Hannibal eyes the new hole in his chair, reassessing a few of his own assumptions.

“You were going to replace it anyway,” Will points out sweetly. Hannibal gazes reverently at the unholy creature standing in his office, and would drop to his knees again if the being before him were not still wholly human and therefore in need of time to recover before Hannibal could properly worship at his altar again.

Will’s gaze flits down to the still prominent bulge in Hannibal’s trousers, which feel impossibly tighter than before in clear evidence of his ardor. “You still want to earn these hands, don’t you? Then come on, let’s go somewhere more comfortable than your office, where you can show me just how badly you want them,” he says, and walks out, leaving the gun on a side table next to the stag statue. Hannibal follows.

The Last Cut

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: Will gets hurt and uses it to try and manipulate Hannibal. (Bonus points: Will hurt himself.)
>
> [TW: the usual Hannibal tags--blood, gore, cannibalism, wendigos]

It's a peculiar whim that drives him to display the body in the woods around his house. Will knows the technical terminology used to describe killers like him—escalation, *devolving*. He's going to get caught, especially if he leaves evidence out in the open so close to home. He doesn't care anymore. He was finally following his nature yet it wasn't enough, could never be enough.

If he's going to be caught, he wants it to be by the *right* predator.

He'd heard the rumors, of course, before hard times had driven him to homelessness and desperation had driven him to trespass and poaching, stumbling upon the abandoned cabin in the middle of the forest on accident and considering himself very fortunate indeed. There was no electricity, but there were plenty of kerosene lamps and candles and an aged water pump that miraculously still worked, and a butcher's table in the lean-to shack in the back. It felt like it had been gift-wrapped for him.

Then a stranger had come along, some hapless hiker who must not have known the rumors or simply wasn't the superstitious type. Will couldn't risk being outed as a squatter and kicked out of his new home, so he'd dealt with it in the only way he knew would guarantee his continued anonymity and seclusion. It didn't occur to him until hours later, as he stood caked in blood that shone blackly in the moonlight, that he'd enjoyed every minute of it and couldn't *wait* to do it again. He had become the rumored death in the woods himself. Maybe the previous inhabitant of the cabin before him had been too.

Fish and deer had become more scarce in the weeks since he moved out here, so he butchered it and made the choicest cuts into stew and long strips of jerky, leaving the rest dangling upside down off a meat hook to be buried in the morning. The leaves had rattled in the trees like whispers as he moaned his pleasure around the spoon in his mouth.

When he stepped into the lean-to at dawn, the head and hands were missing. Something had gotten in and taken bites from his prey. The singular window in the shack was still intact, however, and the door still firmly shut when he came in. There were no footprints.

Something had changed within Will in the night. He was not afraid as his old self would have been. He was intrigued, and curiously *hopeful*.

He looks forward now to the intrusion of hikers too brave or stupid to steer clear of this forest. So thoughtful of them to come to him so he doesn't have to venture back into town to hunt them down himself.

Will knows he is mad now, madder than he ever was before he lost his job and became a true hermit in the middle of nowhere. There is something freeing in finally letting himself go and just being. He reads books in the dappled sunlight while lounging in the grass, munching on berries picked fresh from the bramble. He swims in the stream half a mile out from his cabin. He listens to the strange whispers in the dark and feels heard and seen. He eats well. He is finally content.

The body left intact in the woods is an offering, placed carefully in a circle of lit candles, twined antlers, and braided wildflowers. He doesn't fear burning his new home down as he turns in for the night. He knows he is not alone out here.

In the morning, the body is gone, the candles all snuffed out and circle left unbroken. No footprints, no drag marks. The natural bounty of the forest is suddenly fuller and more plentiful in the weeks that follow.

Will used to collect strays, coax them to him, nurse them back to health, and adopt them out to new homes since he couldn't afford to feed new mouths for long. He'd throw bits of bologna or hot dogs out to them, a little bit closer and a little bit closer until they'd hop into his car and let him take them home. He knew the tricks for how to persuade wild, starving things to eat out of the palm of his hand.

The next time he leaves out another offering, he remains outside, waiting, sitting cross-legged in the grass several respectful yards away and shivering in the dark. He stays awake for as long as he can, but eventually nods off still sitting up. The body is gone when he startles awake once more. Will is a little disappointed, but not dismayed. This is still good progress. He is also still alive, another good sign.

He realizes only when he steps into the cabin to make breakfast and happens to catch sight of his reflection in the window that one of the dried purple flowers from his circle has been tucked neatly into his hair. His heart floods with warmth.

What sort of offering would entice his new god to allow him to see its face? The answer is immediately obvious.

The following night, he seats himself within the circle and lights each candle again one by one. He draws out his pocket knife and cuts a line down his own palm. Then he tosses both knife and lighter off into the grass towards his cabin to make it clear that he has no treachery planned.

He waits quietly for hours and nearly drifts off again as he had the night before when the darkness in front of him *shifts*.

Black as blood in the moonlight, tall, impossibly tall, shaped like an approximation of man save for its long red-tipped talons and spiraling horns, the creature steps into the circle with him and crouches, its harsh, beautiful, angular face hovering inches from his own.

“Do you know what you offer? What it is that you ask?” Its voice is whisper-soft and strangely guttural. Will doesn’t think that it’s really speaking in English despite understanding it perfectly, and wonders what that means about how much he has already been changed.

“No idea,” he answers honestly and without fear. The monster smiles at him and Will smiles back. The creature takes up his hand gently and laps up the dried, sticky blood.

“You will learn.” Deceptively strong, skeletal arms wrap around Will and lift him up like he weighs as little as the flowers in his hair. The monster grins at him with poison-tipped, narrow anglerfish teeth and darts deeper into the woods faster than human eyes can track with its final prize.

Goldilocks Graham

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Fairy Tale Retelling

[Tags/CW: hannigram, mollygram, mattygram (brownham), smut, het, nsfw, sort of implied dub-con (but not really). Also less of a fairy tale retelling than fairy tale as metaphor for events that could slot neatly into canon lol.]

Few relationships in Will's life stood out with any grand significance. Most of them consisted of awkward first dates, or handfuls of dates, scattered around a smattering of one-night stands that eventually stopped seeming worth the effort. He could name only three that truly taught him anything fundamental about himself and what he was searching for.

Molly was too sweet for him, he'd known since before she asked him to marry her. Always so forgiving of his quirks, all soft-spoken words and gentle smiles. Secretly, he'd chafed under the attention. It was easier to reflect her gentleness back at her than to accept it in kind—to lay her out on the bed and sprinkle her skin with featherlight kisses, to lap at her as her quivering thighs brushed against his stubble, to sink into her without exchanging words, only quiet loving sighs.

To roll over afterwards and lie awake staring up at the ceiling as she slept, wishing he could sink into the mattress like water and drown out the crowding thoughts in his mind. The mattress was too soft, so soft he hardly felt real lying in it, dissociated from his body, and the house was always too warm because Molly tended to run cold, no amount of comfortable baggy hoodies and throw blankets over every available piece of furniture enough to keep her from breaking out into goosepimples.

He still felt regret for how much he had tainted her with himself. He never felt regret about leaving her and Wally behind.

His first—and previously only—encounter with another man had been quite different, borne out of the oily, choking rage inside him back then more than desire. If Molly was all sweetness, Matthew Brown was secretive smirks and beady eyes roving greedily over his body as he opened the tiny interview cage and spoke of birds on a wire. Will had known that to fully cement the orderly's loyalty and cooperation, he would have to walk a careful tightrope of projected strength and vulnerability. Be the monster, the fellow hawk, the Übermensch that Brown wanted him to be even while showing the man his gratitude on his knees.

The cold concrete was unforgiving on them as he looked up into his proxy's face with hooded eyes, projecting an image of dark want he didn't feel until, strangely, he did. Projected an

illusion of giving up power they'd both known wasn't real as the orderly unzipped himself and guided Will's head forward too eagerly. He'd smirked, lips still closed against the man's mushroom tip, finding himself surprisingly more excited with the rush of power than with nerves as Matthew's eyes had fluttered closed.

'Oh, did you want this?' he meant to convey with his smile. *'Then prove that you can* take *it.'* Matthew took the hint and pressed a thumb to Will's jaw to pry his mouth open himself before pushing roughly in, grinning with elation and pride as Will gagged instinctively. The taste was different from a woman's soft folds but the empath quickly adapted, relaxing his jaw and throat as best as he could through his inexperience and allowing himself to bask in the shivering intensity of Matthew's desperation.

He did none of the work himself because that wasn't the *point* of this, after all. This was generosity, a reward granted for Matthew's promise to help and a teaser for what else he could earn once he returned with that promise fulfilled. He knelt still and mostly silent on the concrete floor as Matthew fucked into his mouth, hands resting loose and neatly in his lap while Matthew's hands gripped tighter in the overgrown ringlets of Will's hair and his hips pistoned harder and faster, fury and reckless need in his breathless grunts and the tears prickling at the corner of his eyes.

The loudest sounds apart from the occasional gag or hum to emanate from Will's mouth came from the rhythmic wet susurration of Matthew's dick between his pinched lips and the muted slap of the man's balls against Will's chin. The tears prickling at his own eyes were just water.

When the hands in his hair tightened further, signaling the end, Will reached up and encircled Matthew's wrists, exerting just enough pressure with his thumbs at the vein lines for Matthew to take the hint again and pull most of the way out, coming in a warm bitter pool over Will's tongue rather than down his throat. Will didn't spit so much as let it all dribble out in a long slick line onto the floor, standing with a slight creak in his joints and leaving the mess there for Matthew to clean up. The orderly knew better than to offer to help with his own erection jutting proudly in his prisoner's uniform. That reward would only come if he succeeded tomorrow.

Alone and back in his cell again as Matthew's footsteps faded, Will rinsed and swished his mouth at the sink, then laid down on his hard cot, too chilled by the drafty prison air even under his thin scratchy blanket to fall asleep. He wrapped a hand around himself and jerked off just to warm up a little, wiping his hand on the mattress afterwards before drifting off. That night he dreamt again of the tracheal tube sliding into his throat as Dr. Lecter's hands petted soothingly over his face.

Now, Will lies out naked and lightly tanned on a sturdy lounger at a private strip of beach just outside their patio, groaning quietly as those same hands smooth sunscreen over his back and behind with just the right amount of pressure to work out any knots of tension in his muscles as well.

At night Hannibal tells Will how beautiful he is, how maddening, compliments the warble of Will's voice and rides Will's dick as though he were designed to fit snugly around it just so, greedily squeezing around it as Will comes with a shout like he'd be angry to lose even a

single drop. Will has barely caught his breath before the man pulls off and flips Will over like a rag doll, then drives himself back into Will's previously slickened hole to find his own completion.

Will sobs and pleads into the damp sheets of their decadent mattress, oversensitized, but his husband shows him no mercy, lavishing him with licks and nips at the back of his neck and shoulders as he continues to slam against Will's prostate until it's too much too much too much too much, and *oh god* just right. Hannibal comes with Will's name on his lips and Will comes again, just a tiny dribble of fluid against their ruined sheets, with a keening whine.

His husband pulls out and pulls Will along with him as he lays out flat on his back, so the younger man is laying half on top of him, still panting under his chin. It's much too hot in the tropical summer nights for them to snuggle close like this but neither of them cares, too comfortable to move again. Hannibal's chest is one of Will's favorite pillows, right after his belly, and the two of them fall asleep sticky and entwined, fitting together as they were always meant to, perfectly conjoined.

Runaways

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: Runaway Will meets escaped convict Hannibal
>
> [Tags/CW: Blood drinking, kidnapping, implied underage, dub-con, implied past non-con/attempted non-con. ****Note: See end notes if needed for additional tags that are spoilers!****]

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The boy stands shivering on the side of the road, holding his thumb out wanly for each car that occasionally passes this late into the night, with little hope that anyone will actually stop until eventually someone does.

“Going my way?” the stranger asks after leaning over to open the passenger door for him in invitation. Will gratefully slides in and sets his backpack in the backseat. There is already a black duffel and a canvas bag of basic groceries, road snacks and the like. His savior from the cold must be on a road trip.

“Th-thank you,” he says through chattering teeth as the car pulls away from the curb back onto the highway. “No one else would stop.” He extends his hands out close to the vents in front of him, glad of the warmth returning to his fingers.

The man’s lips thin in displeasure. “Man’s hypocrisy knows no bounds. It’s dangerous and cruel to leave a young thing like yourself out there to wander alone at night.” The boy squirms, a little discomfited. “Where am I taking you then?” The boy shrugs and gives a helpless little laugh. He waits for the man to ask what he’s running from next, knowing it must be obvious already, but that question doesn’t come.

“Well, if we’re to be traveling companions indefinitely, it would be good to introduce ourselves,” the man says practically instead. “I’m Hannibal.” The name stirs something like familiarity in the back of Will’s mind, but he can’t place where.

“Will,” the boy answers, fidgeting again, glad the driver has offered no last name since he doesn’t intend to give his own either. “My name is Will.”

“Will,” the man—*Hannibal*—repeats. It sounds so rich and warm in his accent. Will squirms again in his seat. They ride in peculiarly comfortable silence at first, the only sounds the hum of tires on asphalt and soft classical piped in through the radio speakers. It’s a decently well-maintained mid-range vehicle, nothing too fancy, and Hannibal is dressed in very simple black pants and a grey T-shirt, but Will feels a bit self-conscious in his muddied boots and worn-out jeans and hoodie nonetheless.

“There are water bottles in the foot well behind you, as well as granola bars and mixed nuts in the canvas bag. Please help yourself.” Will thanks him again and twists around to reach for a water bottle while trying to still keep the man in view in his periphery. He notices Hannibal eyeing the way his collar gapes, focused darkly on the strip of skin bared at Will’s throat. The boy swallows and Hannibal’s adam’s apple bobs as well as if in sympathy.

Will faces forward again and takes a delicate sip from his water before dropping it back in one of the cupholders between them. “If, um, if you want me to I can…” He trails off, not sure how to finish as the man hums inquisitively. “I can, uh, thank you…thank you properly when we, uh, stop somewhere.” Hannibal’s eyes darken almost alarmingly, gaze kept forward on the road.

“Do you often *thank* good Samaritans who pick you up, Will? Do they ask that of you, expect you to?” He isn’t entirely sure what to make of the man’s tone, which is a brand new experience for him.

“Sometimes,” he admits quietly, fiddling with the hems of his overlong sleeves. “Sometimes they don’t ask.” Will can’t help the way he stares in fascination as the man grinds his jaw. Where his emotions had been locked away as though behind a human veil before, he sees now a yawning chasm of darkness and yearning.

Anger and indignation on Will’s behalf. Offense at the assumption that he would make similar demands. Will is used to gleaning that from some of the travelers who pick him up. Jealousy, rage, arousal, *loneliness* so deep and wide it gnaws, he’s seen that before too. Desire to protect and desire to maim, to cherish and to hurt, he’s seen it all before. He’s never seen it all bundled into one person so tightly and aching to burst it threatens to spill over into the whole car before. For the first time in a long while, since he first started hitching, Will’s heart beats faster. He’s not used to caring enough about what happens to him to really be afraid anymore.

Hannibal seems to realize he’s shown far too much and tries to rein it back in. He manages it so surprisingly well that Will thinks revealing as much of himself as he just did must be a rarity for him. Will knows what to look for now though and can still see it all tucked away in the shadows of his eyes and corners of his mouth like a shiny lure.

“Hannibal,” he says without realizing he intends to say the man’s name aloud. “Hannibal, *Hannibal…”* he muses. He sucks in a breath as he suddenly realizes why the man’s name had seemed so familiar. He’d just heard it on the news recently, *‘Hannibal ‘the Cannibal’ Lecter, aka the Chesapeake Ripper, recently escaped from police custody earlier this morning when…’* He’d stopped listening after that point.

Hannibal actually seems to *relax* at the repeated use of his name and the revelation that obviously followed on its heels. “I won’t hurt you if you don’t force my hand, Will,” the man responds calmly. *Lies*. An hysterical little laugh bubbles unbidden from Will’s lips.

“Sure,” he says. “Sure. You won’t make it hurt. Not for your little road snack. Fear makes the meat bitter after all.” Hannibal turns his head to look at him properly, curiosity and intrigue lighting up his gaze.

“We’re driving into Canada,” he volunteers without prompting. “I have a cabin there the authorities never found where we can hide out and recuperate for a few days.”

“A *cabin* snack then.” Will’s gallows humor appears to truly charm the man. He chuckles and seems surprised to find his own laughter sincere.

“After a little rest up, I have plans to make my way to the airport. To Florence.” The final nail in the coffin, this little pronouncement. He wouldn’t tell Will that if he was planning on letting him go.

They pull off down a hidden dirt road path in the woods on the other side of the border just a few hours later. Will naturally tries to make a run for it, despite knowing how futile the effort is this far out in the middle of nowhere. He kicks and screams as Hannibal catches him and hefts him over his shoulder in a fireman carry back to the cabin, his throat burning with the sounds he’s waited until now to expend. He grabs at the door frame as the man drags him inside and scrapes his palm against the rough, splintered wood, beaded blood welling up to the surface. Hannibal inhales harshly as if he can smell it, and deposits Will on the dusty quilted bed in the center of the room to examine his hand. Will stills, knowing it’s fruitless to fight and may only entice the man into taking a bite out of him sooner.

“Are you gonna eat me now?” he asks, a little breathless, strangely excited by the idea. Hannibal’s eyes darken again, and almost as if he can’t seem to help himself now, he lifts the boy’s bloodied hand to his lips.

Will’s eyes widen and spring with sudden tears. He shudders and whimpers pitifully as the man delicately laps at the blood. The man moans as if suddenly starved for it—which he must be, Will realizes through erratic panting breaths, he’d been locked up for *years* before tonight—and without warning bites down hard into the flesh of the boy’s palm. Will screams, more tears streaming from his eyes through the pain.

Hannibal pulls him in closer and drinks as Will calms his breathing again. He brings his free hand up to brush the fringe from Hannibal’s brow and cup his cheek. Hannibal blinks his eyes open to find Will watching him with pleased hooded eyes and a secretive smile.

“You’re such a pretty young thing,” Will whispers to him softly. “Couldn’t even decide if you wanted to gobble me up whole now or whisk me away to Florence with you, could you, sweet thing?” Hannibal moans again, struggling to hold Will to him fast with a whine as the boy pulls his bitten hand away now. Will pries the iron grip around his wrist away as if it were no more powerful than a chain of wildflowers wrapped loosely around it. The bite marks fade away into no more than angry pink lines within seconds of pulling his skin loose from Hannibal’s teeth. The escaped convict stares in renewed awe and admiration of his new companion.

Will cradles the man’s face between his hands and brushes a sweet, chaste kiss to his lips, and Hannibal shivers at the touch like a quaking virgin. He’s tempted to bite the mouth that feeds him but forces himself to repress the urge for now.

“That’s a good boy,” the supposed teenager praises. He leans in to take a long sniff at the man’s neck and growls. Hannibal’s skin prickles at the sound, keeping instinctively still for

the apex predator scenting him. Will's eyeteeth appear slightly longer and sharper now when he pulls back. Hannibal's mouth goes dry with longing, the taste of Will's intoxicating blood still sticky and fever-sweet on his tongue. "If you keep being good for me, I'll let you bite some more later. May even bite back, if you ask nicely."

"Please," Hannibal begs. Will rewards him with another sweet kiss, a little firmer and a little deeper than before, suckling the tip of Hannibal's tongue into his mouth.

"Take me to Florence with you, Hannibal," the boy gently commands. "It's been such a long time since I've seen it. I want you to show me all the sights that are different there now. Take me to *all* the places in the world that made you the man that you are and I'll show you the ruins where my boyhood was taken from me too," he promises.

He leans back to lay himself out on the dusty bed now, wordlessly pulling the other man to hover over him and commanding with his eyes alone for Hannibal to taste and take as much as he wants of him. Hannibal sinks into the creature's arms and obeys.

Chapter End Notes

[Additional Spoiler Tags: vampirism, Erotic Horror Kinktober prompt "Vampire's Thrall" and Kinkterror prompt "blood/gore" used.]

The Fall After the Fall (Pt 1)

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Post-fall hannigram fluff

[Tags: fluff, pre-slash, Drawtober prompt "Carving."]

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It is strange to remember at times, despite the number of years he and Will have been conjoined, that they actually never spent much time together in the grand scheme of things before now. Winter in Baltimore, one hot summer day in Florence, the early thaw of spring when they killed a dragon together. And now, fully recovered from their fall over the cliff that same night, they are never apart and finally spending their first autumn together.

Amsterdam is beautiful in the fall. The birches and maples are vibrant with their newly turned leaves, and the light breeze outside this morning makes it the perfect walking weather. They stroll along the city streets together, sipping from lattes purchased at one of the many coffee shops just around the corner from their flat.

It is Will who comes up with the idea during their walk of visiting a local farm to pick out a selection of pumpkins, gourds, and squashes, his enthusiasm surprising and contagious. Hannibal is more than happy to indulge his whim.

It is somewhat disconcerting to see the usually gruff, solemn empath turn almost wide-eyed and boyish as they browse a patch of sugar pumpkins. “They only have the small ones,” he remarks, not in the least disappointed since, as he points out to the older man, this just means they’ll have to get *more* of them.

“The larger ones you may be used to are typically less common outside of the States,” Hannibal replies, dazzled and a little bit awestruck by this changeling creature in Will Graham’s skin. The man holds up a particularly bulbous and lopsided one and asks Hannibal if he also thinks it’s *cute,* a word Hannibal had been fairly certain before this day could not possibly exist in the former FBI profiler’s vocabulary.

The Will Graham before him now is carefree and *giggling* as he fills his arms with far too many pumpkins at once and struggles not to drop any as he carries them back to their car. Hannibal opens the door for him and gazes in silent wonder.

“What are we going to do with all of these pumpkins, Will?” he finally asks as he pulls out of the grassy parking area and drives them home.

“Pumpkin bread, pumpkin pies, roasted pumpkin seeds, pumpkin bisque, pumpkin chocolate chip cookies…I know *a lot* of recipes we can work with. You’re, uh, probably gonna be

pretty sick of pumpkin by the end of October actually," Will answers, half-apologetic, rubbing the back of his neck in a tell of embarrassment, but still overall in a remarkably cheerful mood.

"I wasn't aware you were such an enthusiastic fan of this particular fruit."

"You've learned my terrible dark secret," Will mutters wryly. "Autumn has always been my favorite season. I kind of get really into the spirit of it, especially during this month," he admits.

"The liminal period of time between the bright vibrancy of life in summer and the still thrum of dormancy and decay in winter before life's renewal in the spring. Yes, I can see the appeal. It suits you, Will."

"God, you're *so* pretentious." Hannibal might be offended had these words come from anyone else. He might still be a bit displeased to hear them coming from Will, if not for the fond, lazy smile blooming across the younger man's face as he says it, his voice rich with teasing affection. Hannibal swallows lightly and returns his attention to the road, lest his eyes start to well up and give away how profoundly affected he is by it.

Will is insistent upon scooping them all out at once and freezing most of the flesh for later use when they get home, setting aside enough for the bisque and bread to be made this afternoon and the seeds to be roasted. His true intentions are made clear as he spreads out an array of carving tools to make the shells into jack o'lanterns.

"Not simply a fan of autumn, but of Halloween in particular." Will nods in affirmation of his observation and sets out an extra black marker and a paring knife in invitation for Hannibal to join him. "You realize we are unlikely to receive many trick-or-treaters? Halloween's popularity has grown outside of the United States over the years, but it is still not nearly the widespread cultural phenomenon in other countries that it is there."

Will shrugs and continues drawing his design upon his first pumpkin in marker. "I'm not making them for anyone else. I'm doing this because *I* like it." He glances up from his spot on the newspaper strewn floor to look up at Hannibal. "You don't have to make them with me if you don't want to. I realize this is sort of a pale imitation of your usual creative proclivities." His smile is charmingly crooked, but Hannibal knows him well enough by now to detect the hint of uncertainty and self-consciousness behind it. That simply won't do.

"On the contrary, I also enjoy the act of carving jack o'lanterns and used to put several out on the front lawn each year." Back in Baltimore. Before being imprisoned. Before fleeing halfway across the world back to Florence with Bedelia on his arm and a hollow ache in his chest. Before Will.

Hannibal kneels beside his beloved, taking up the other marker, and gets to work on the next pumpkin.

Chapter End Notes

Pt 2 of this 'verse will be posted tomorrow!

The Fall After the Fall (Pt 2)

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Cuddling

[Tags: fluff, autumn, movie night]

It is rare that Hannibal allows anyone else to cook for him, and usually only at the finest Michelin star restaurants he has previously vetted. He had therefore been a bit trepidatious, though also charmed, to learn that when Will is not too busy fighting off a deadly brain disease or being the FBI's bloodhound, he actually quite enjoys cooking as well.

He is still charmed, and no longer trepidatious, every time Will takes over in the kitchen and relegates Hannibal to sous chef now. His specialties run more along the theme of what might be considered "down home cooking" than gourmet, and his dishes are not always the healthiest, but he always makes them with care and attentiveness entirely from scratch. Hannibal would not have expected that of the man who sometimes smelled of gas station coffee and McDonald's when he came into his Baltimore office, but he is slowly learning that some of the worst habits he once longed to train Will out of were, in fact, borne merely out of convenience and necessity on the job and were never a preference in the first place.

Their current flat is an open-plan apartment with no walls between the dining area and living room and a generously sized serving hatch between these and the kitchen. The layout is not his usual preference as he prefers the option for privacy when serving guests, but it would be much too soon after their supposed deaths to start entertaining again in any case and he plans for them to move again soon, perhaps early next year. He had been thinking somewhere tropical would be lovely and is still partial to the idea, but maybe not for the whole year. Now that he knows about Will's fondness for autumn, he'll arrange for them to live somewhere else with similar weather and foliage to here by next September.

Today he sits on a barstool at the serving hatch countertop and merely watches Will work, enjoying the commingled scents of pumpkin and gouda and Will's easy contentment as he makes their bisque for lunch and preps to also start on a mildly sweetened pumpkin bread afterwards. The bacon crumbled into the soup is from a true pig, a concession to their need to lay low for the time being, but Will has expressed no distaste in once again adding long pig to their diet in future and has even shown interest in the idea of joining him on hunts, to Hannibal's constant amazement and endless delight.

As they eat, Will coaxes him into joining him in the living room this evening for a "scary movie night." Hannibal agrees on the condition that Will join him in also watching a stream of one of his favorite operas. He decides to stick to a horror theme for his choice, but Will

seems oddly bemused and humored when he chooses Bartók's *Bluebeard's Castle* without explaining why.

"So even his final wife doesn't get off so easy in this version," Will murmurs thoughtfully as the cast members take their final bows on screen. He smirks, side-eyeing the other man on the sofa next to him and says, "Lucky you, I'm not gonna read anything too deeply into that." Before Hannibal can ask what he means, Will takes control of the remote to select a different streaming app and choose something "good and cheesy" for them to watch next.

He asks Hannibal to make them popcorn, looking back at the older man with an expression not unlike the one he used when he said *please* to Hannibal while he was still masked, straight-jacketed, and strapped to a standing gurney, perhaps only a shade softer this time. Hannibal blinks and stands up immediately to fulfill his request. He makes them two kinds—one seasoned with grated parmesan, rosemary, and white pepper, the other with cocoa powder, cinnamon, and cayenne.

Hannibal does not catch the name of the movie as he returns to the kitchen to also pour them a couple of pale ales, but he partly suspects Will may have chosen this generic slasher film with its run-of-the-mill masked, voiceless serial killer wielding a prop kitchen knife and an unhealthy fixation on promiscuous teens having sex just to annoy him. He certainly seems highly entertained by the commentary Hannibal gives on the film's many woeful inaccuracies and baseless assumptions about the murderer's psychological profile.

Will shifts to sit closer to him on the sofa, their thighs and shoulders brushing now as yet another hapless victim screams in terror off-screen. Hannibal blinks again and glances over at him in the dark, but Will's eyes remain fixed upon the television. He does, however, snuggle even closer.

Hannibal takes another sip of his beer to disguise the disquieted bob of his adam's apple. *This*…this is unprecedented. Since the fall, Will has initiated casual touch more often. Hannibal has been cautiously hopeful about what this could mean but has yet to test the waters by making any moves of his own that cannot be misinterpreted as anything else.

Perhaps now is the time to be bold, with Will so soft and smiling and close.

Maybe it's even the time to be a little "good and cheesy," as Will had called it.

Hannibal leans back more comfortably against the cushions and stretches, extending his right arm across the back of the sofa. Will is still concentrating on the movie when he chances a quick darting glance in his periphery, but there is an interesting shine to his eyes, a slight upward curve to his mouth that wasn't there before. Hannibal has the distinct feeling he is being laughed at, but not out of cruelty.

Well, if he is to be a fool, he may as well play the part fully. He allows his arm to curve inward until it can no longer be said to be resting along the back of the couch, but around Will's shoulders instead. Will's smile widens and his chest has an odd shake to it that is almost certainly a silent laugh. The younger man shifts even closer, however, leaning against him fully now, and eats another small handful of popcorn.

Hannibal releases the last bit of tension he hadn’t realized he’d been holding in all this time and relaxes against him as well. Neither of them comments for tonight upon the sudden shift in dynamic as they continue to watch the rest of the movie in comfortable silence.

Resurrection

Chapter Notes

This fic collection has a shiny new title but is otherwise the same as before, in case you were wondering.

Valentines Day Bingo prompts: "Heart," "First Kiss," and maybe a little bit of "Going on a Date."

[TW/tags: Major character death (or is it?), supernatural elements, alcoholism, implied suicide mention, ambiguous ending.]

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Hannibal dies as they hit the icy waters below the cliffs and Will doesn't, he refuses to speak to anyone for the entirety of his hospital stay or beyond. Jack claps him once on the shoulder with a solemn nod in acknowledgment of a job well done and Will thinks about reopening the gnarled scar on the other man's neck. Alana orders an autopsy on Hannibal's corpse just to be sure, to assuage her own nightmares, and Will thinks about cutting her torso down the middle and opening her chest cavity with his hands to crush the still beating heart within. He does neither of these things and simply signs the paperwork passed in front of him for transferal of the body afterwards.

Hannibal's will stipulates only two things, the first of which surprises most who remember Hannibal's previously lavish lifestyle—a simple, natural burial in a plain shroud cloth. Will is the only one who doesn't find it odd that the man would prefer a simple return to the earth, without the unnecessary pomp of a fancy coffin he wouldn't get to enjoy or veins pumped full of embalming chemicals to give him an unnatural waxy appearance and poison the ground slowly over years. Hannibal loved the world he was a part of and would obviously rather give back to it in some small way one last time. Will makes the arrangements he requested and never visits his grave.

The second stipulation which surprises no one is that the entirety of his remaining fortune goes to Will. Molly refuses to touch so much as a dime of it during the divorce proceedings. She keeps the house and the dogs. Will lets her without even a token protest. He's not good company for anyone living right now. He retires quietly to a place with the sickeningly charming name of Sugarloaf in the Florida Keys and uses Hannibal's money to buy himself a house there, since Hannibal would want him to spend it and he left the majority of his own assets and bank accounts to Molly in recompense anyway.

In a nice house on a lovely sunny island with no remaining worries or cares, Will Graham sinks into alcoholism and allows himself to slowly waste away. He owns no television, no computer, no radio, and no phone, the music of cicadas and winking fireflies and a shelf full

of books he never touches his only sources of entertainment as he locks himself away in a luxuriant form of solitary confinement and pickles his liver. He still fishes and eats well off that and farmer's market produce, not because he cares but because Hannibal would care. He drinks plenty of water alongside his beers and whiskeys and occasional ironically cheerful cocktails because Hannibal would frown in disappointment if he allowed himself to keel over from simple dehydration.

Will is unsurprised by the creaking floorboards on his porch one night as he stares up at the living room ceiling from his bed (a return to old habits now that he lives alone again). He tilts his head to the side to look through the screen door, the main front door left open to let the night air inside. He is equally unsurprised by the specter he sees standing there, knowing it was only a matter of time before the old hallucinations started manifesting again as well.

"Hello, Will. May I come in?" Hannibal asks, eerily pale in the moonlight, eyes darkened and fathomless as he looks Will's prone form over. Will dips his head in a single slow nod, and with a smile Hannibal steps inside, allowing the screen door to swing shut again behind him. He sits beside Will to gaze down at him fondly, the mattress dipping a little under his weight. In the lamplight he looks more himself. In the lamplight he looks more real. Will shivers.

Hannibal looks to the empty whiskey tumbler and half-empty glass of water on Will's bedside table and sighs. "I appreciate the efforts you seem to have made to keep yourself healthy, but drinking in bed too often will rot your teeth, širdelė."

Will bares his teeth like a dog, to show they're fine and that he's a little affronted Hannibal's ghost would accuse him of not following at least the letter of an unspoken promise to take care of himself. What does he think the water is for if not to rinse away the sugar and grime before he gets up to brush again in the morning?

In response, Hannibal trails a finger along those teeth, pressing lightly into Will's bottom lip and gum line, barely touching the tip of his tongue. It's warm and solid, and tastes like skin and seawater and freshly turned soil. Will's breath catches uncertainly.

"You have had your reckoning at last, darling, taking my life and my freedom with you." Hannibal's voice is soft and proud, not a trace of resentment to be found. "Will you allow me now to take my own pound of flesh in return?" Will's heart rate picks up dramatically as he frantically nods. Hannibal trails his hand down to Will's chest to feel it and Will reciprocates the motion. With enough pressure, he can feel not only the other man's steady heartbeat but the faintest impression of a raised line from the Y-cut that pulled his ribcage open for others to examine. He snarls a little again and Hannibal grins in kind as he leans over Will and seals their mouths together in their first kiss. The heart under Will's palm beats a little faster, matching Will's own.

"Mano širdie," Hannibal whispers against his lips as their mouths part. Will shivers again at the unfamiliar phrase he has never read or heard anywhere before, understanding its meaning nonetheless. The hand on Will's chest digs harder, claw-like now, as lips trail over his stubble and further downward, just over his jugular, and crooked teeth break lovingly through the skin to rip open his throat.

Several days later, the kid who normally delivers Will’s groceries finds the front door open and a dark, dried stain spread over the pillowcase and mattress coupled with the smell of days of rot in the heat. He calls the police, who find only this and a few spatters of the same stain near the edge of the dock and conclude that Graham must have cut himself, probably intentionally, then stumbled out to the water to let nature finish the job. They don’t find his body and further conclude that it must have drifted too far out to sea to have any hope of recovering it intact.

In Havana, two men tango under the moonlight during a dance festival, the other party-goers unconsciously avoiding eye contact and giving them a wide berth as they twirl around and laugh together. For the first time in weeks, the man with the dark curls and seawater eyes speaks, gaze locked with the tanned, taller gentleman. For the first time in years, he smiles with wild sincerity and says the other man’s name. They kiss and no one stares.

Chapter End Notes

Not the fluff fest I was expecting to write for Valentines, but oh well. I seem to also be on an "implied vampirism" kick lately for some reason. 😅💖

Lithuanian phrases: širdelė = little heart, mano širdie = my heart.

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